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"Quocumque me Fortuna ferat, ibo hospes."

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## From the Home Journal. TO MY HUSBAND.

The love I gave in girlish pride,  
Was all such love could be;  
But now, my tried and faithful heart,  
Knows no life but in thee!

I sit long, dreary hours alone,  
And list thy coming feet,  
Till my heart grows still and cold  
That scarce a pulse can beat.

If pale's thy cheek, or, o'er thy brow  
I mark the shadows stray,  
Earth hath not in its gift or joy  
Can make my spirit gay.

'Tis long since I, as priestess, first  
Lit up thine altar fire;  
Burns it not brightly now as then?  
Did e'er my spirit tire?

## FROM THE 9TH REGIMENT.

FORT YORKTOWN, July 26, 1863.

Mr. Editor:—As cavalry raids have seemed to be in high style with our army for a few months past, I don't know as I can do better than to write the particulars of one made by the 7th Vt. Infantry, on the 25th. We started with two hundred and fifty men from Yorktown, at 2 o'clock A. M., on a gunboat, and steamed up the river to Cappaheosick Landing, a distance of twenty miles, where once there was a respectable wharf, but now part of it remains, consequently we had to land in small boats. The officers had to leave their horses on board. After landing the regiment was divided into 2 detachments, one of six companies, under command of Col. Ripley, and the other four companies, under command of Lieut. Col. Barney. Orders were then issued to search every plantation, house, and other building, and seize every horse and mule that were serviceable, and all firearms, equipments, ammunition, &c., and to give all the colored people an opportunity to leave with us. The detachment under Col. Ripley took the road direct to Gloucester. Before we arrived at the court house, all the officers were mounted on horses with saddles and bridles, and the hospital corps were well supplied with carriages and wagons for all who were not able to march rapidly. On our arrival at the court house we found a battalion of the 2d Mass. Cavalry which had scoured the country for miles around, and thus saved us much travel. A rebel mail carrier with quite a large mail just from Richmond was coming in, and was captured by some of our boys. We rested awhile and marched to Gloucester, where we found Col. Barney's detachment, also the 16th N. Y. and a battery, which had been sent out to support us in case of an attack. We rested for two or three hours, meantime a heavy thunder-shower passed over, giving us a good drenching, and again marched for Gloucester Point, opposite Yorktown. We crossed on the ferry boat and arrived in camp once more at 7 o'clock P. M.

The amount of property captured was not large: some twenty-five horses and mules fit for service were brought in, and as many more turned loose. Several carriages, wagons, &c., most of them of little value; several different kinds of firearms, most of them of very ancient date, and a few prisoners and contrabands. Almost all the negroes preferred stopping on the plantations. We marched from twenty-five to thirty miles. It being a very hot day, the boys were pretty well used up, and had it not been for the captured animals, some of them must have been left. As it is, nearly all will be ready for another jaunt on the morrow.

Everything here at Yorktown remains quiet. Two blockade-runners were captured near here a short time since, and taken to Fortress Monroe.

The regular routine of garrison duty is going on here every day, besides large details daily for police and labor parties. Another expedition is talked of, to scour the country farther up the river. All we can say of it now is, we hope to be there.

It has rained almost every day since we came here, consequently it is quite cool and the air is bracing.

A detachment of the 9th left here last week to escort the drafted men destined for this regiment to this place. We hope to have enough to fill the regiment full.

The end of the rebellion seems close at hand, but war with England and France seems imminent. Let it come; we had all rather fight the Johnny Bulls and Copperheads than the rebels; and whenever

justice and national honor demands war with foreign nations, then we are ready to meet them. Yours &c.

HORACE.

The following is an extract from a letter of a soldier in the 2d regiment, to his wife in Cambridge:

BERLIN, Md. July 18, 1863.

Dear Wife:—We have been on the march or in a fight ever since the 5th of June, and some of the time stopping only to eat; and during this time have had no regular mail. We are about crossing the Potomac again. Lee has got his army across, and I guess he won't want to come back for sometime. He has got an awful cutting up. We might have taken one brigade more prisoners if our Generals had thought it proper to have pitched in once more before Lee had crossed the river. We soldiers supposed we had got them "bagged," but as it proved, the string was not tied.

Our cavalry had a fight on the 17th. At first they drove the cavalry, then our boys got reinforcements and light artillery and drove the rebels out of Harpers Ferry.

I suppose the 13th has got home. I saw them at Littleton. We gave them three cheers as we parted. They done well at Gettysburg, and have gone home with honor to themselves as well as the State, and I am glad of it, because many thought the nine months men could not fight. They have found their mistake.

There must be a great deal of wheat spoiled in this country in consequence of the wet weather, letting alone what has been destroyed by both armies, and that is no small quantity. The farmers manure their land with lime and get great crops of wheat and clover.

There were a number of desertions from the army while we were in Pennsylvania. J. Glougie has returned to the regiment after being absent 12 days. He was arrested yesterday and will be court-martialed. I hope we shall not have to go North again until rebellion has gone down forever. I think the Union cause is gaining ground, as they have carried it into the city of New York, and we have sent five regiments, one battery and two companies of cavalry, to stop rebellion there. I hope they will kill off all those copperheads, and this war will soon close.

We never want to see another such a sight as we saw on the battle-field at Gettysburg. Language is inadequate to describe its horrors.

They used to tell us that the rebels could not be whipped, but it appears they can. The reason they have gained so much advantage heretofore, is in consequence of superior numbers, then they would mass their troops and rush on and break our lines; but that is getting played out with our troops. They have got sick of running, and it is a hard thing to break our lines when the men are determined to stand their ground. The rebels are a dirty, ragged looking set. The greater part of the prisoners that we saw had no shoes, and I guess those who had, took them from our dead soldiers, as all the dead I saw on the field at Gettysburg had their shoes taken off and their pockets turned wrong side out.

The horn sounds the fall in call for us to march over Jordan. Perhaps we shall get our mail more regular now the rebels have left the free States. It is my opinion the rebels won't dictate the terms of peace from the monument on Bunker Hill this season.

July 22d.—We have marched two days since we crossed the river. Our Colonel and some others have gone to escort the boys down here who were called under the draft. We are glad to have them come and help close up this war, so we can all come; and if there is honor and glory in it, we are willing they should have their share.

We have to live rather short these days, that is, for pork and beef. We get plenty of hard bread; however we are in Virginia, and we calculate to live as well as we can while we remain in the State, and make up what the rebels took from us in Pennsylvania. While writing I hear a report that the rebels are crossing into Maryland again. Yours &c.

EDW. W. HUBBARD.

## From the Free Press. FROM THE CAVALRY. NEAR SNICKEN'S GAP, VA., July 18th, 1863.

Dear Free Press:—While the thousands and one journals at the North are teeming with the news of great victories, and while Divisions, Brigades and Regiments are receiving encomiums from millions of loyal hearts, I think it but a duty to lay before your many readers a short account of the part performed by the 1st Vt. Cavalry; a part I am happy to say of which we as a regiment are proud, and of which the people of Vermont may also boast.

Since the 20th day of June, we have been in the saddle over half the time; and such marching and fighting as has been done by our Division is unparalleled in the history of this rebellion.

Our march from Fairfax to Frederick city was indeed a pleasant one, and was attended with no accident of any kind. We arrived at the latter place at midnight on the 27th of June. On the 28th we had a general "changing of hands." Gen. Stahl was relieved of his command, as was also Col. DeForest, who commanded our brigade. The dashing Gen. Kilpatrick (formerly Col. of the 2d N. Y. Cavalry) assumed command of our brigade. The nine regiments composing the Division, were consolidated into two brigades, ours being the first.

On the morning of the 29th, under our new commanders, we moved on toward Pennsylvania, and at night bivouacked near the village of Littleton, three miles over the line. Here we met with a very pleasing reception, by some fifty young ladies who had assembled at the Union Hotel. As we passed through the street their sweet voices mingled with the cheers of the soldiers in singing "The Star Spangled Banner," "Red White and Blue," &c.

At early dawn on the 30th we moved on to Hanover. Here the kind ladies had assembled at the markets in the centre of the town and with everything nice to eat were cheering us on. The Misses had come out with bouquets of nice flowers, and the merchants with boxes of cigars, &c. All these were being distributed freely, and all were enjoying themselves heartily, when a sound of cannon is heard in the upper part of the town. The frightened young ladies inquired and were assured by the soldiers that undoubtedly the citizens were firing a salute in honor of our arrival. It was heard again and again, and this time a skeddaddling from the rear of the cowardly rear guard assured us that Messrs. Stuart & Co. were attacking our rear. The 18th Pennsylvania, a new regiment never before under fire, commenced a grand move toward the front and the rebels followed on. Lucky the other regiments of the brigade had been drawn up in line, and the 1st Vt. and 5th N. Y., cavalry were soon face to face with the hordes of Gen. Stewart. The charge was led by Gen. Farnsworth in person. The rebels after exchanging a few shots broke and ran, and over fifty prisoners were brought in. Among them was Lieut. Colonel Payne, 4th Va. Cav., two captains and two lieutenants of the 2d N. C. Cavalry; also a stand of colors belonging to the latter regiment. Skirmishing continued during the entire day, and just at sunset the rebels fell back, when the town was re-occupied by our troops. Our loss during the day was 11 killed and 38 wounded; that of the enemy 26 killed and 59 wounded. Our ambulances being in the rear of the brigade, nine of them were captured, most of them containing the sick and wounded of the brigade.

Our supply train having failed to come up during the day, we were without rations, but the kind and ever-to-be-remembered ladies of Hanover cooked all night, and at daybreak all were well fed.

On the 2d inst. we proceeded to Gettysburg, where the battle had commenced, and were assigned a position on the left of our line. All day on the 3d was this position maintained against a division of rebel infantry. Towards evening Gen. Pleasanton, learning that the rebels were slowly advancing, sent an order to Gen. Kilpatrick for a Brigade of his division, to charge their line. Gen. Farnsworth, with the 1st Va., 1st N.Y., and a squadron

of the 5th N. Y., made the charge. Not satisfied with driving back the enemy's skirmishers, the brave General, amid the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, led on his men until, nearing a stone wall, the 1st Georgia and 1st Texas regiments sprung upon them; the storm of lead poured into the ranks of our cavalry was too much for them, and with about one hundred prisoners they fell back behind the battery. Our loss was very severe; the 1st Va. alone lost six officers. The brave Gen. Farnsworth was killed in the charge. A truer man never drew the sword. No show, nor style, he was truly a model General; and in him we lose a man who was but a few days with us, yet we had learned to respect and love him.

On the 4th inst., having received rations for three days we started early in the P. M., on a raid around the rebel army. Early in the morning while crossing the mountain, Stewart's wagon train was discovered, and Gen. Kilpatrick determined to destroy it, which he did in short order capturing the guard, over two hundred prisoners, including Gen. Jones. The train was over one and a half miles long, and was loaded with plunder of every description.

Coming in the direction of Hagerstown on the 7th inst., a large body of infantry was encountered. Kilpatrick fought them for some hours and then fell back. It was in this engagement that the brave Capt. Woodward, (Co. M,) fell. He was buried by the enemy but his body has since been recovered, and Chaplain Woodward, (his father) left for home with it a few days since. C. H. B.

## THE COLORED TROOPS ON MORRIS ISLAND.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post, writing from Port Royal, July 24, gives the following account of the bravery of the colored troops in the assault on Fort Wagner:

Fresh honors crown the colored troops. So fully had their character for bravery and reliance been established, that in the recent assault upon Fort Wagner the 54th Massachusetts were allowed to lead our veteran troops, nor did they (to their honor be it said) refuse either the lead of their support.

On forming them into line, Gen. Strong, who had by his soldierly and kind bearing toward them secured their confidence, raising his stentorian voice, cried out, "Is there a man here who thinks himself unable to sleep in that fort to-night?" The earth rang with the thunder of their "No!" Turning to the color-bearer, he said: "Is there any man to take his place if the brave color bearer should fall?" With lifting of hands, and leaping, and almost yelling, all through the enthusiastic ranks, came the response, "Yes! Yes!"

From Gen. Strong himself, as he lay in his hospital four days afterward, suffering from his ghastly wound, I learned that these men had "had no sleep for three nights, no food since morning, and marched several miles." Under cover of darkness they stormed the fort, facing a stream of fire, filtering not until the ranks were broken by shot and shell, and in all these tests, which would have tried even veteran troops, "they fully met my expectations," said the General, "for many of them were killed, wounded or captured on the walls of the fort. No man broke till fired upon.

The 6th Connecticut, who had honored themselves at Jacksonville co-operating with colored troops, supported the 54th in the assault. Several of the officers lying in the hospital confirm the testimony of Strong. The regiment went in 700 strong, and brought off only 360 sound men. Of 17 officers, only three came out unhurt. The number of killed I have not learned. About 200 are now lying in our hospitals.

Some, who had prophesied that the colored man would not stand fire, but had finally yielded in his favor, still contented that ghastly wounds and sufferings, with slaughter and death of comrades, would quash all their love of freedom and soldiering, and silence the boasts of their friends. On the second and fourth days after the fight, I passed through nearly all the wards of the hospital. On the

second day a very large proportion of their wounds had not been dressed, and of course they were very painful. Some lay with shattered legs or arms, or both; others with limbs amputated. Rebel bullets, grape shells and bayonets have made sad havoc. Standing among a large number, I said: "Well, boys, this was not a part of the programme, was it?" "Oh, yes, indeed, we expected to take all that comes," said some. Others said: "Thank God, we went in to live or die."

If out of it and home, how many would enlist again? With brightened faces, and some raising of even wounded arms or hands, all said: "Oh yes, yes." Some sang out: "Oh, never give it up till the last rebel be dead," or "the last brother breaks his chains," or, "if all our people get their freedom, we can afford to die."

Frank Myers, from Ohio, whose arm was badly shattered by a shell, said: "Oh, I thank God so much for the privilege; I went in to live or die as He please." He stood right under the uplifted sword of the brave Col. Shaw, on the very top of the parapet, as he cried: "Rush on, rush on, boys!" and then fell quickly followed by Myers himself.

No man can pass among these sufferers, so patient, so cheerful, hear them express their desire for a speedy recovery, first and only, that they may (the almost universal expression) "try it over again;" and also, their firm conviction that they are soldiers for Jesus, to help on His war of freedom for all the oppressed, and not to be inspired with deepest abhorrence of slavery and unquenchable desire for the freedom of their race.

I have seen much to admire in them as servants and laborers in the field; as soldiers in camp, on the battle field; but never so much in these relations that is so truly manly heroic and sublime as exhibited in the furnace fires of war.

The sympathy and kind attention of the colored people are unmeasured. Yesterday Peter, from a plantation seven miles distant, calling on Gen. Saxton, said: "General, I brought load of corn from our people, for de sagers in the hospital. Some gives two ears, some four and some more, as dey be able. May de poor wounded sagers have it?" "Yes, yes; I thank them for it," said the General. Men women and children, by the hundreds, have turned ministering angels to their suffering benefactors, as the baskets of corn, figs, melons, pies, cakes, kettles of coffee, soup, and numberless other tokens of sympathy clearly evince.

GOLD IN CANADA.—It will scarcely be credited that we have a California almost at our doors; yet it is nevertheless a fact that in the Seigneurie of Vaudreuil and on the tributaries of the River Chaudiere, about 50 miles from Quebec, gold is found in abundance. One nugget of pure gold, worth \$18 per ounce and weighing a pound and a quarter, was picked up in the bed of one of these streams, which at this season of the year is almost dry. Another nugget weighing 9 ounces, and also pure, from the same region, was discovered in town this week. It is said that about \$20,000 worth of gold was been gathered there this season. One man residing near the locality has in his possession a gallon full of the precious metal, in pieces of all sizes. Since the golden news has leaked out people have been flocking to the diggings in crowds, and no doubt many will realize handsome sums.—Quebec Mercury.

The town of Andover is about erecting a new building at a cost of one thousand dollars, to be used for town meetings, lectures, concerts, dances, and the promulgation of the gospel. The house is to be located at a place called Skunk's Misery, where all the business of the town will be done at no distant day.

Skunk's Misery derives its name from the fact that a skunk was thrown into the hall at a dance several years ago.

Government gained little, in point of men, in one town in Washington County. As report has it 33 were drafted therefrom, 32 of whom tipped over the \$300 commutation, and the remaining 1 was thrown out at his examination, on the ground that he was too strongly tintured with imbecility to be of any honor or utility to Uncle Sam!—Ex.

## THE CAPTURE OF MORGAN.

On Saturday last General Brooks proceeded to Wellsville, Ohio, and established his headquarters in the Cleveland and Pittsburgh depot, where he was assisted by the managing officers of the road, who placed the transportation and telegraph resources of the road at his disposal. Finding that there was a probability that Morgan would cross the road in the vicinity of Salineville, a train of cars was sent up the road about six o'clock Monday morning, with a regiment of six months' Pennsylvania infantry, under command of Colonel Gallagher. These were disembarked at Salineville and marched to a point about two miles distant, where the rebels were expected to cross. The infantry was posted on some rising ground commanding the road, with orders to prevent Morgan's passage. In a short time the expected rebels made their appearance, coming round a bend in the road. On catching sight of the infantry, they halted, and turned their horses' heads in another direction. Before they could get out of the trap they found themselves in, Major Way, with two hundred and fifty men of the ninth Michigan cavalry, dashed among them and commenced cutting right and left. The rebels made but a brief resistance. A few shots were fired by them and then the whole party broke in utter confusion. Men dismounted, threw down their arms and begged for quarter, whilst others galloped around wildly in search for a place to escape, and were "brought to time" by a pistol shot or a saber stroke.

Morgan, himself, was riding in a carriage drawn by two white horses. Major Way saw him, and galloped up, reached for him. Morgan jumped out at the other side of the carriage, leaped over a fence, seized a horse, and galloped off as fast as horse-flesh, spurred by frightened heels, could carry him. About a couple of hundred of his men succeeded in breaking away and following their fugitive leader. In the "buggy" thus hastily "evacuated" by Morgan, were found his "rations," consisting of a loaf of bread, some hard boiled eggs and a bottle of whiskey.

Morgan and the remainder of his scattered forces pressed three citizens of Salineville into their service as guides, and continued their flight on the New Lisbon road. One of the impressed guides made his escape and rode back, conveying intelligence of the route taken, which it was believed was the ultimate design of reaching the Ohio river higher up. Forces were immediately dispatched from Wellsville to head him off, whilst another force followed hotly in his rear, and a strong militia force from New Lisbon came down to meet him. About two o'clock in the afternoon these various detachments closed in around Morgan in the vicinity of West Point, about midway between New Lisbon and Wellsville. The rebels were driven to a bluff from which there was no escape except by fighting their way through, or leaping from a lofty and most perpendicular precipice. Finding themselves thus cooped, Morgan concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and "came down" as gracefully as the coon did to Davy Crockett. He with the remainder of his gang, surrendered to Col. Shackelford, who was well acquainted with the redoubtable "John," and is said to be a distant relative.

Morgan's men were poorly dressed, ragged, dirty and very badly used up. Some of them were remnants of gray uniforms, but most of them were attired in spoils gathered during their raid. They were very much discouraged at the result of their raid and the prospects of things generally. Morgan himself appeared in good spirits, and quite unconcerned at his ill-luck.

RAIN.—Solding will do no good, of course, and we would not scold if it would; but really, if we were hay-makers, we should get discouraged, and take to tailoring, blacksmithing, or to anything else, except publishing a paper! For our part, we cannot see how a ton of hay has been housed in this town, thus far, in good order; if there has, farmers have had a good corps of sentinels on the look-out for clouds and rain, and a fleet team in attendance.—Bennington Banner.